

day, U. and her mother were out together and
 her mother said,
You know, U., I was thinking of what you said
 about R. *having*
much more of me than you. It seems to me that
when you were
R.'s age, you had much more of me than she does
now. Did I ?
Yes. You see I had only one little girl then and you
had all my
time and attention, whereas R. has to share it with
you, (Apart
 from this U. is consistently charming to R.)
 U. (one night, tearfully): "I shall grow
 up before
 R." M.: *Don't you want to ?* No. I don't want to
 be grown
 up.

(5;5) U. has lately shown many unaccountable
 and unrea-
 sonable fears and anxieties. She says she feels
 " nervous ",
 does not like being left alone at bedtime,
 thinks of
 " nasty animals ", of a story if it is not entirely
 innocuous,
 of the picture of the kangaroo in " The
 Sing-Song of
 old man Kangaroo ", will not go to the
 lavatory alone.
 Yet she will go up the road alone to post a
 letter or to a
 paper shop to get her paper or chocolate, etc.
 The other day
 she and her mother were paddling in clear water
 and her mother
 called, *Oh, here's a crab.* U. rushed away,
 frightened, and
 refused to paddle any more. On another occasion
 she fussed
 dreadfully lest their shoes, lunch, etc., should be
 carried away
 by the tide which was more than an hour's
 distance away,
 a thing she could know from her daily
 experience. She is very
 interested in her " underneaths ", likes to
 exhibit them to
 her mother with an air of doing something
 amusingly forbidden.
 Tries to catch her mother out in the same way.

(5;6) U. has been showing all sorts of
 unreasonable fears
 lately. She was in bed and wanted her mother
 to stay with
 her and her mother wanted to go out of the
 room for a few
 minutes. U.: " The trouble is, if I were not a girl
 like I am it
 would be ail right/¹ *What do you mean P* Well, if
 I wasn't
 afraid of things. But I am afraid. If I were like T.
 or P.
Aren't they afraid P Why are you ? You used not to

be.

When I was younger, I wasn't. Now I'm older I am. That's

funny, isn't it ?

(5;6) U.: " The older I get the frightender I get. And the

younger I am, the less frightened I am ! "

(5;6) (U. had asked her mother some time previously how

one could tell whether a baby was a boy or girl.) U.: You

can tell whether a baby's a boy or girl by looking at its under-

neath, can't you ? Does a baby boy have a weeny penis ?

Yes. Did you look at my underneath when I was born ?

The doctor and nurse did. Did you look at R.'s ?

(5;6) U.: (beginning to cry): " I don't want Barbara to

bathe me. She'll see rny botty."